

## Thoughts and Driving Rain

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> It was raining. She traced the raindrops with her fingers as they hit the<br>window pane and slowly advanced, gradually growing as they met up with other  
>water droplets on the glass. She picked a droplet and followed its erratic<br>pattern until it rolled out of sight. In a twisted sense, she had always liked  
>it when it rained. It was as if the earth was echoing her disdain. Similarly,<br>the rain reminded her that an outpour of emotions could be substantiated once in  
>awhile. Even the universe took a break from its neutral demeanor at times, with<br>none other than a gloomy outpour of despair.  
> She took her gaze away from the raindrops on the window, and focused it<br>on the man sitting next to her in the driver's seat. She eyed him intently as he  
>fiddled with the wipers. She watched as he attempted to clear the fog which<br>gattered on the window, clouding his view. He eventually sighed with  
>resignation, sitting back and shuffling in his seat. He stared directly ahead,<br>concentrating on the stretch of road before him.

Without shifting his gaze, he  
>spoke aloud. "What are you thinking, Scully?"<br> She pondered the question for a second before responding. "Nothing,  
>Mulder." She lowered the volume of her voice and added "Nothing that you would<br>be interested in, anyway." She didn't know if the last statement held particular  
>truth, but she expressed it nonetheless. In actuality, the fact was that she<br>wasn't about to relay her thoughts to him.  
> He turned to face her for a brief second. "Why would you assume that I<br>wouldn't be interested?"  
> She did not respond to the subject in question. Instead, turning to face<br>her partner, she asked "Mulder, what are you thinking?"  
> He grinned. "I was wishing that this rental package included a<br>temperature regulator for the car to prevent the windows from fogging up on me  
>like this." He sighed, and continued, his voice taking on an edge of sincerity.<br>"Well, that and the fact that I have put myself through so much in this life.  
>It's as if I have walked to the edge of a cliff. Scully, it's no one's fault but<br>my own that I am here ... but here I stand. Some days, Scully ... the days when  
>nothing is just and the whole world is crashing around our ears ... that is when<br>I am teetering; teetering on the very edge of the cliff and the gravel beneath  
>my feet is crumbling. Scully, on those days I know I am only seconds from losing<br>my footing and falling into the black abyss. I can nearly feel the cold darkness  
>enveloping me. Yet, something beckons me. A silent voice resonates through my<br>thoughts, pleading with me to hold on. Scully, I look up from that black abyss  
>and see nothing but your face. You are standing just<br>out of reach on the other side of the cliff. That is when I know  
>everything will be fine. On those horrible days, I will hold on ... because,<br>Scully, I know I have something to live for." He paused for a brief second.  
>"That," he concluded "is what I was thinking."<br> Scully was completely touched by her partner's honesty. She felt a  
>satisfied glow within her and a smile slowly spread across her face.<br> Mulder did not turn to face his partner. He had no need to do so. He knew  
>she was smiling.<br>  
> ~~~~\*\*\*THE END\*\*\*~~~~<br>  
>[1] [Image]<br>

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